

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year
BY THE HERALD COMPANY

Terms of Subscription:
DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, \$5.
SUNDAY—One month, \$2.50; one year, \$20.
SEMI-WEEKLY—(In advance), one year, \$10; six months, \$5 cents.

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AMUSEMENTS TODAY.
Orpheum, matinee and evening—Vaudeville.
Weather for Salt Lake.
Fair.

THE METALS.
Silver, 69½¢ per ounce.
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Copper (cathodes), 15½¢ per pound.
Lead, 8.5¢ per 100 pounds.

BRANSFORD ON THE JOB.

Truly this man Bransford goes at his job of being mayor as if he meant to give the city clean government, whether his own party leaders, or supposed leaders, like clean government or not. Here he is in office hardly a week and selecting his own chief of police as if he had a right to do it, when he ought to know that other people think he should be nothing but a figurehead. On top of that, he proclaims his intention of keeping John Burdige as captain of police, when the same people are calling vociferously for Burdige's instantaneous decapitation. The "American" Jove's furrowed brow and lightning wrath seem to have no terrors for Bransford; on the contrary, quite otherwise, he "jests" laffs at Jove and goes on being mayor on his own hook.

What makes the situation worse is the evident pleasure of the very large proportion of Salt Laker over the change in conditions. Instead of a mayor who was bent on pleasing his particular friends and advisers, the city has an executive who seems bent on getting good results for all the people. Instead of letting a few interested politicians choose his appointees for him, he selects men he has confidence in just as he would choose any other business associate. Instead of spending his time devising ways and means to further the fortunes of a political clique, he is busy studying municipal conditions, learning the routine of his office and doing his utmost best to give good public service. In a word, he has the Democratic idea of responsibility to all the people, instead of the "American" idea of using public office as a club for the punishment of political opponents.

So far the situation is altogether to the liking of the people who care more for good government than they do for petty political advantage. It goes far toward clearing the atmosphere and making possible an ultimate cessation of the feud that has injured the city and state with no profit to any but the few who made it a source of personal profit. It promises to demonstrate the favor with which a solution of that problem will be welcomed, no matter what the source or who the individual is who brings it.

If John Bransford can keep up the good work as he has begun it; if he continues to show his indifference to party demands where they conflict with public needs; if he maintains his attitude of fairness toward all parties and creeds, he may do much toward evolving peace and order where "his party has hitherto given the community nothing but confusion and discord.

To do this the new mayor will of necessity incur the antagonism and dislike of those men in the "American" party who have fomented strife that they might gain by it themselves; but he will have the comfort of knowing that their enmity is about the highest compliment any man could earn in this state.

FAREWELL, SCHMITZ.

One more step, and perhaps the most important, in the regeneration of San Francisco, is marked by the decision of the supreme court of California sustaining the validity of Mayor Taylor's election. The decision came up on appeal from the lower court on a salary case, and the finding of the supreme court was unanimous. The court declares in substance that the conviction of Schmitz removed him from office and that, therefore, the election of Taylor is valid and his appointments are legally confirmed. The last straw to which Schmitz has clung, his hope of retaining political power and maintaining some semblance of authority, is swept away. His followers are doomed to be driven from city office and his organization of municipal debauchery and bribery is wiped out of existence.

In one sense the final decision is a

triumph for popular government the country over, for if Schmitz, after his conviction could have blocked the effort to secure decent municipal administration it would have seemed hopeless even to expect good government in San Francisco. As it is, the way is clear for a revolution there, and the men who are cleaning house for the city may be trusted to make a good job of it. Slow as the process has been and will still be, the work is likely to be thorough and effective. The initial steps have already done much to restore confidence in the city's ultimate capacity for self-government, and the restoration of confidence means an end of the distrust, the contempt and regret which have contributed so materially to the injury of San Francisco outside when she most needed help from outside to restore her status as a great city.

From now on it may be expected confidently that the reconstruction of the city, both in government and in a physical way, will be unimpeded. Good government should invite capital, and with capital San Francisco ought to be the great seaport of the Pacific.

CAPITAL AND LABOR IN COURT.

J. W. VanCleave of St. Louis, president of the National Manufacturers' association, has brought suit in Washington against the American Federation of Labor and some affiliated unions to enjoin them and their officials from using the boycott against the concern of which he is the head, and from the issuance in any form of the "unfair list," which is the principal weapon of the boycotters.

Briefly stated, the complaint sets forth that the Federation and the separate unions complained of have declared a boycott against the Van Cleave institution, and by so doing have injured the business of the plaintiff and caused it great financial loss. The petition asks that the alleged unlawful conspiracy be enjoined and that the organizations be prohibited from issuing an "unfair list" containing the name of the Van Cleave company or from threatening to boycott it.

It is understood by all concerned that the suit is in reality to test the validity or legality of the boycott, and that it was brought in Washington in order to obtain personal service on a number of the defendant officials who were there attending a conference on the telegraphers' strike.

Being the first suit of its kind involving any of the large organizations and extending in results over the whole country, the proceeding has unusual importance. On one side is arrayed an association of manufacturers which is conspicuous in its opposition to the principle of the closed shop advocated by the unions. Its members represent enormous capital in the aggregate, and are employers of an army of workmen. On the other side is the American Federation, the central union of nearly every labor organization in the country, with heavy resources and able leaders. It is, therefore, a battle of the giants and will probably be fought to a finish.

In retaliation the dispatches of yesterday indicate that the Federation will bring legal proceedings against the Manufacturers' association, alleging that it is a conspiracy to injure organized labor. The reports do not indicate the exact nature of the proceedings, so it is impossible to tell what will be the remedy sought or the basis of the complaint except in a general way.

In one sense, the legal battle ought to be valuable to the whole country, since it should establish just how far either employer or employees may go in industrial warfare. In any event it will probably form the groundwork for future legislation affecting the rights of unions both of employers and employed, and so serve to facilitate the formation of public opinion as a prelude to the establishment of industrial peace.

There has been no gambling in Salt Lake since the "Americans" took office, but the new police administration managed to make a number of arrests for gambling the first day McKenzie got to work in the chief's office.

Medical experts have concluded that the use of the telephone is not injurious. They did not include the effect of the telephone on the disposition in their investigations.

New Hampshire is reported to have so many churches it cannot support them all properly. But then it has former Senator Chandler as an offset.

EVEN THE VERDICT OF THE BOLSE COURT DID NOT PREVENT THE PRESIDENT FROM REITERATING HIS BELIEF THAT SOME CITIZENS ARE UNDESIRABLE.

A NATURAL COWARD.

(Washington Star.)
O! Mistah Trouble, he come aroun' one day.
An' say, "I gwine ter git you, so you better run away!"
I knowed I kin ketch up to dat, no matter how you run!

I says, "Mistah Trouble, you has been a-chasin' me ever since I kin remember, an' I's tired as I kin be."
So I's gwine ter stop right yere an' turn aroun' a-facin' you.
An' lick you if I kin an' fin' out jes' what you kin do."

O! Mistah Trouble, he looked mighty ashamed.
He acted like a buckin' hoss dat's suddenly been tamed.
An' den he turned an' traveled off, a-hollerin' "Good day!"
I ain' got time to fool aroun' wif folks dat acts dat way."

THE DIFFERENT VIEWS.

(Cleveland Leader.)
Belle—I do wish men wouldn't go out between the acts so often.
Nellie—I wish they wouldn't come in between drinks so often.

SOCIETY

Miss Jane Howat entertained informally at bridge Thursday afternoon for Mrs. Edward Sterling, who is visiting in the city. Four tables were filled with the players, and prizes were taken by Mrs. Louis Schoppe and Mrs. C. E. Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Fife entertained at dinner Thursday evening at the Country club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hunt, who are visiting the J. B. Cosgriffs.

An enjoyable affair of Thursday was a yachting party on Salt Lake, which included supper on the Cambria and an evening spent on the water cruising as far as Antelope island. Those entertained were Mr. and Mrs. William Spry, Arthur L. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. William McCrea, Judge and Mrs. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. McCabe, the Misses Kate and Annie Adams.

One of the largest lake parties of the season was given Thursday evening by twenty-four of the girl friends of Miss Florence Madsen, whose marriage takes place Sept. 5.

Mrs. Wellington Lake entertains at cards today in honor of Mrs. Charles Simms and Mrs. J. C. Hanchett.

Mrs. C. Ira Tuttle gave a luncheon Thursday for Mrs. Charles Simms.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson T. Rogers have issued invitations for the wedding reception of their daughter Ethel Genevieve to L. Leroy Bourne, for Thursday, under cloud at 8 o'clock, at the Rogers residence, 110 Third avenue.

Mrs. Benner K. Smith and daughter, Margaret have returned from a week spent with Mrs. Mont Perry at Brighton.

Miss Alta Johnson and Miss Ruth Kingsbury leave Sunday for a week's trip through Yellowstone park.

Mrs. Cecil Travis of Nelson, B. C., arrived in the city Wednesday for a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wakeling, and her sister, Mrs. Percy V. Molson.

Mrs. C. R. Aley leaves the first of the coming month for Oakland to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Marian Kessler.

The Cup and Saucer club gave a very enjoyable lake party on Thursday for Mrs. J. M. Stephenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Fitzgerald and daughter, Miss Gertrude, left yesterday for Chicago.

Mrs. Empson, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. David M. Landreth, at 1150 East First South street, and who has made many friends in the city, left Tuesday for her home in northern Michigan.

Mrs. William Parnell Upham returns to the city Sunday after a summer spent in Chicago with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Upham are at the Fifth East hotel.

Mrs. S. W. Eccles, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Frank Williamson, after her return from an extended European trip, went Wednesday to join Mr. Eccles at their Idaho ranch.

The Misses Margaret and Ethel Dooly expect to pass the winter in Dresden, where they are pursuing their studies in music and the languages.

Miss Lula Barr, who has recently undergone a serious operation at St. Mark's hospital, is improving and her condition is no longer regarded as dangerous.

Mrs. J. F. Grant is gone to Boise.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Murray and Miss Mabel Crowley are taking the Yellowstone park trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fisher are in Alaska, where they will spend a month.

Miss Abbie Mahoney returns today from a visit to Castilla Springs.

Miss Gene Kimball, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Louis Seckels in Salt Lake for the last few months, leaves Saturday for her home in Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Leavitt and their niece, Miss Solomon, have returned home from their outing in Ogden canyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leavitt returned yesterday from the Pacific coast, and are at the Cullen hotel.

FICTION AND FACT.

(New York American.)

IN THE STORY.

"By Jinks!" said Smith to his wife at breakfast, "that was a great dream I had last night."

"What was it?" languidly inquired Mrs. Smith.

"Well, I dreamed I was at a race track."

"Well, you know I never go there, Mary; that's what makes that dream so strange. It was exciting, though!"

The way those horses ran was a wonder, and every one was yelling 'Peter Fryingpan wins!' Peter Fryingpan wins!"

"Just at the end another one ran past, and the crowd yelled out, 'Star Dog wins! Star Dog wins in a walk!'"

"I think it's a silly dream," said Mrs. Smith.

"Well, I can see it as clear as day," said Smith, "chasing to the subway."

"Hello, Smith!" said Brown a minute later in the express.

"Hello!" responded Smith; then: "By Jinks! there's one of them," as he stared at the paper.

"Peter Fryingpan Favorite," it says," said Smith. "I dreamed last night I was at a race and Peter Fryingpan was beaten by another one with a funny name—Star Dog it was."

"Star Dog's a dead one," said Brown. "He'll be 30 to 1; couldn't beat Peter Fryingpan in twenty years."

"I dreamed it," said Smith obstinately. "Go down to the track and lose your money on him, then," said Brown.

At the track Smith handed his \$50 to a bookie. "Ten thousand to a hundred, Star Dog," said the latter.

"They're off!" yelled the crowd. "Peter Fryingpan wins!"

"The favorite copes!"

There came a hush.

"Star Dog! Star Dog!" cried the mob.

Said Smith as he pocketed his \$10,000: "I wish I dreamed oftener."

IN REAL LIFE.

Smith dreams that Star Dog will win. He tells his friends and they all laugh at him.

He goes to the office.

Coming home in the evening, he sees in the paper that Star Dog won at odds of 100 to 1.

"Oh!" says Smith.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

(Princeton Tiger.)

The Living Skeleton—Why is the India rubber man so happy?

The Fat Lady—Why, haven't you heard? He's the father of a bouncing boy!

HOW CAPTAIN KEPT COOL.

The Hotter It Got The More Flannel Shirts He'd Wear.

(Washington Post.)
"There used to be an old fellow down in Onancock, 'way down on the eastern shore of Virginia," said a man who was born and lived the greater part of his life in that salt water region, "who knew how to keep cool in the very hottest weather, when the mercury was boiling and tumbling about the century mark, just as it has been doing up here this summer. Old Capt'n 'Billy' Williams was always as cool as a cucumber. When everybody else in the country would stretch out in the shade, some where gasping for air, Capt'n Billy would be moving about his truck farm and talking about the laziness of some people."

"No, sir; he didn't make any secret about his method of keeping cool. It was just the opposite. He was a kind-hearted man and wanted to see everybody comfortable. His plan was to wear always a thick red flannel undershirt, and every time the weather became what you might call distressingly hot Capt'n 'Billy' would put on an extra undershirt. He had an idea that it was lucky to wear red flannel, and have seen the cap'n working around the wharf (for he was the captain of a fine packet, as well as a sea farmer) with four red flannel undershirts on."

"The old man didn't often get riled, for he was a non-differed sort of fellow. He did mix up things, though, when he did get mad, and if curses and anathemas would consign a man to eternal torment, when Capt'n Billy opened up on him he was a doomed man, sure enough."

Around about Onancock and the adjacent waters tributary to the Chesapeake, about the time I am talking about, the folks never saw a steamboat, at least in that section of Virginia; but one day there came puffing and blowing up the river a concern with a smokestack and sending out smoke that was blacker than thunder cloud. I don't know if it was the country people who had gathered in great numbers to see the stranger got as scared as Robinson Crusoe was when he saw that nigger foot in the sand. They were afraid it might blow up and kill somebody."

"Capt'n Billy didn't share this apprehension. He had seen such boats in Baltimore. He got mad, though, because he could see in it some mean Yankee trick to interfere with his packet trade. The boat was called the Maria something, and as her hull was painted black, the packet was named after the 'Black Maria,' and said so many things about her captain and mate and all the crew that some of the folks took it very seriously. Some of the country people who had gathered in great numbers to see the stranger got as scared as Robinson Crusoe was when he saw that nigger foot in the sand. They were afraid it might blow up and kill somebody."

"There wasn't an evil wish that the old man didn't wish for the strange boat, but after he got through cursing, he went to work and gathered a whole cargo of goods to carry to Baltimore. The steamboat man got busy himself and got a lot also, promising to get it to market quicker than the wind."

"They sailed the same day on a very hot morning. The newcomer's captain was tortured with the heat and as nervous as a dog on a sea on a griddle. Captain Billy had on two extra red flannel undershirts, and was as calm as any one could be. He took along two extra undershirts for luck. The steamer got away two hours ahead of the Onancock skipper and the church members gathered and prayed that Captain Billy might be forgotten for his sins and win the race to Baltimore."

In about ten days Captain Billy's boat loomed up in the distance. She was coming up 'wing and wing,' and before long she was tied up at the wharf. "Where's the 'Black Maria?'" was about the first question that met the captain. "I beat her to Baltimore about eight hours," he said, "and she's coming for another cargo," he said, and he started out to give her another volley of bad wishes, but he saw the preacher in the crowd, he sneered off into mild language. But his ill wishes came true. The steamboat stuck her nose into a mud bank coming up. The old fellow's maledictions worked all right, and the red flannel undershirts gave him luck as was surely proved when his sailing packet beating the steamboat to Baltimore."

AFTER DOC SMILEY DIED.

Second Phase of the Wire Drumming That Annoyed Other Operators.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Doc Smiley was a fusser on the wire," said the talkative railroad operator who confines his talkative to bare facts, "at least facts in a state of dishabille. 'I always contended that the wires in his brain box were crossed.'"

"One of his bugs was drumming on the wires at night. He could give the best imitation of 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' you ever heard. And for making a noise like a drum corps coming by the town hall on Decoration day, why, Doc Smiley would make the drummer boy at Bunker Hill turn over in his grave."

"This was very irritating to the peaceable and quiet-loving operators along the line who wanted to rest o' nights, if such a thing were possible. But you might as well try to get a chorus girl to don a raincoat at a Saratoga hotel fire as to try to make Doc stop his drumming."

However, the end must come to all of us, and Doc Smiley passed in last spring. We all contributed to the fund for buying floral pieces, 'At Rest,' and 'Gates Ajar,' with considerate liberality and ease of mind. Not that we were particularly glad at his death, but everyone thought he would be better off on the other side of the circuit controlled by Little Bright Eyes than on earth."

"One would naturally suppose that after Doc passed over to the great majority, the rat-at-tatting and 'Pop Goes the Weasel' would cease. But it didn't. No, sirree."

"It was quiet for a couple of nights after the funeral, till Doc got his bearings over on the new shift. On the third night, however, the drumming started up about midnight and kept it up until high on to morning."

"There was only one difference from when Doc was alive. I will say that Smiley had sense enough to keep quiet if anyone had a message or a train report to send. Doc's shade, or control, or whatever was doing the drumming after his death, was not so considerate. It would out in on train orders, business, or any old thing."

"The nuisance had us pretty well tied up at the company when his wire tappers out, tracing up and down to find just where Little Bright Eyes cut in on the job."

"These fellows had a good deal of difficulty, but they finally gumshoed the trouble to where the wires pass under the river on a big cable. A diver was sent down to investigate, and what do you think? Little Bright Eyes had taken the form of a fish with a piece of copper wire attached to its tail."

"Yes, sirree. True as I'm sittin' here. 'You see, it was this way: I was out smartin' suckers in one of the creeks that empties into the big river one afternoon. I got a big one in the snare and had just about landed him when he took fielder's choice, and with a powerful swish of his tail yanked the copper wire snare loose. Since then, the big time has been spent swimming down stream with the copper wire trailing in his wake. In crossing the cable the wire has got caught, and he would out in on train orders, business, or any old thing."

"The snare made a connection with our railroad wire. Of course the fish made strenuous efforts to get loose, and every time he swished his tail he'd make dots on our wires, just like one of those rat-at-tatting machines sending messages which are coming into use. Strange mix up, wasn't it?"

"Well, I've heard of some human fish working telegraph wires, present company always excepted," observed the tall, cynical conductor, and it's not unusual to see a sucker on duty in telegraph offices. Nevertheless, I don't see that it's up to me to buy."

THE HOUSE SEEKERS.

(New York Sun.)

The whale had just swallowed Jonah. "If he had been a woman," it murmured, she would have noticed what a lovely entrance to the apartment."

Another instance of the unobservance of mere man.

Many Special Savings for Balance of Week

Summer is drawing to a close. Every department must close out all summer goods regardless of profits.

BOYS' SUITS at half price.

GIRLS' colored and white dresses at half price.

INFANTS' lawn bonnets at half price.

WOMEN'S \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 oxfords at \$2.85.

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